

OUR SOLDIERS IN CUBA.

Queer Customs seen at Quemados.

Correspondence Columbia State.

Quemados, Cuba, Jan. 26.—At reveille, Jan. 21, the commander of Co. I, Second South Carolina volunteers, was notified to report with his company to the provost marshal of Habana province, Maj. Russell B. Harrison. The prospect of a break in the monotony of camp cleaning and drilling was hailed with satisfaction by the men, and the officers were no less pleased, particularly as in their selection a compliment was not only implied but pointedly expressed.

We were assigned to take charge of the town of Quemados, indicated on the map of Cuba as Mariano—they are one and the same, but the portion next the sea bears the latter name. The American soldier pronounces it "Maryagna" and he has not much difficulty in remembering that name, but the Cuban populace call it "Maryagnow." It is quite near the camp of the South Carolina Regiment and about 10 miles from Habana. There are several streets closely built up, but the town spreads over a considerable area, being a mile and a half across. The walls in many places are broken and crumbled and some of the buildings might number their age by centuries, to judge by experiences, but there are some residences indicating luxury—one-story and covering an acre of ground. Among these is the home of Gen. Lee, now occupied by him and his family. The most formidable looking building is the old Spanish jail, while there is a church, with its four rusty bells on the four sides of the tower. Several "hotels," without sleeping accommodations, a temporary "sub-treasury" of Uncle Sam's, two new government warehouses, a railroad station, army hospital, and about 50 American and Cuban rum mills constitute the "public buildings."

During a light rain on the evening of the 21st we pitched our camp in the mud at the north end of Quemados, commanding a fine ocean view and the camp of one division of this corps. On Sunday morning, simultaneously with the experimental opening of every saloon in town, we took charge, being promised a reinforcement of 50 men on the morrow. As the soldiers are shut out of Habana, this town is the stamping ground for the Seventh Army Corps, and the fact that when the Spanish built jails they were made of magnificent capacity was appreciated last Sunday. The experiment was sufficient; hereafter saloons will be closed Sundays.

When application was made to provost headquarters for written instructions—running a town on the Russian or Chinese plan being somewhat out of my line—I was told that instructions might come later, but whatever I did would be right, "you can do no wrong." Of course, there is no trouble with the natives; they are perfectly obedient, and I have not seen one under the influence of liquor, but hundreds, perhaps thousands, of Americans, chiefly toughs, have followed the army to this province. Those who had the capital have opened saloons, while gamblers and fakirs are rushing their trades; then, besides the soldiers, there are 500 civilian teamsters. With the barkeepers of the American cities' tawdry districts catering to this class of customers, there is considerable satisfaction in holding a "royal straight flush" every deal and being indifferent to any kind of bluffs. There generally is room for American money here, and there must be splendid openings for legitimate investments. It is to be hoped that they will quickly come and occupy the field, not leaving communities to be "Americanized" through the impress and influence of these buzzards and carpet-baggers.

The rules for the preservation of order and protection of the soldiers in spite of themselves are very strict, and methods of enforcing them severe. They are allowed to drink beer and light wines, and anyone selling a soldier whiskey or other liquor may have his place closed, temporarily or permanently, as the provost officer in command may decide, or he may be put in jail by the same authority. As a rule, soldiers are not allowed in Cuban saloons, where rum and aquadiente are the chief drinks. Two drinks of the latter makes the American crazy for a day, producing afterwards something like nervous prostration. Cubans seem to drink it without trouble. But then, as an old resident here and an observant man remarked, "foreigners know how to drink; two can split a bottle of wine and go home; the American, as we see him in the saloon, wants to drink a barrel—he rarely knows when he has enough."

But there—I did not intend to write anything that might be entitled "Ten Days in the Barrooms of Two Countries."

The most important work of the company is to guard about half a million dollars of American money. This is in the paymaster's office. There are no vaults, and the money would be

insecure without a formidable guard. Corporals Brunson and Antibus, with six men, are doing this work for the first week, living in the treasury. Government warehouses and Gen. Lee's residence are the other prominent places guarded, the latter being chiefly complimentary or to keep soldiers at a distance.

Sergt. T. E. Carroll, with seven men, is camped at Curazao, a village with a blockhouse and two saloons, a mile from Quemados, but under the same jurisdiction. And it is right here that Company I claims to have captured the first blockhouse taken by the Seventh Army Corps. Midnight Sunday, a messenger brought word that the blockhouse, which was on an estate near a private college for ladies had been occupied by the Americans, who were, according to the sergeant, "a-raisin' hell," barricading the opening and defying authority. A patrol wagon quickly reached the place. The holders of the fort had a good thing and refused to give it up, barring the little heavy window on the inside. A blockhouse is all right against bullets, but the window couldn't stand chunks of 50 pounds of rock. It caved in in two minutes; the boys followed the rocks and took the toughs off their feet. Two or three claimed to be American sailors and others discharged soldiers, but they all went to jail.

It is a pity the histories of some of these old buildings cannot be readily obtained. When in the Quemados jail, with walls a yard thick, every room a fort by itself, you would like to turn back the pages of its history during the centuries when the sword has been in less merciful hands. In the great cell to the right now lies an American—the murderer of his comrade in arms. To the left of the entrance is the room where names of prisoners are recorded before they are thrust behind the heavy iron doors. Here is a bronze ink stand. On one side the ink bottle; the other pepper box covered sand holder, recalling to the present generation that blotting pads were not always in existence and that sand was once used to absorb ink. On the opposite side of the building is another entrance, where egress was had to the upper story by spiral stairs. The centre post of this stairway, extending to the ceiling of the second story, looks like a braid that had been twisted, broadside always outward, into a huge corkscrew; closer examination shows the heart and half the outer part of a tree have been carved away, with what must have been infinite labor, leaving this spiral, hollow column.

Half the space once devoted to officials has been partitioned off, and here a school for small children is in full blast. During school hours you couldn't miss it if you passed within a block. According to custom, the children study aloud, each seeming to be trying to read faster than the other. No wonder it is a fast talking race! Their methods are so different from ours; all the corners of the room will be occasionally occupied by little tots who have missed their lessons or misbehaved. The teacher, a young man, tempts Americans to "pull" him for disorderly conduct, he storms so at the pupils.

Our boys see strange things sometimes. One of the patrols, a young fellow from Edgefield county, on coming off duty yesterday reported seriously, mysteriously and wonderingly: "Capt., I just saw a man dressed up in woman's clothes and shoes, and he had on something over his head." Thinking some malefactor or convict might be attempting to escape, I questioned the soldier, and I soon ascertained from the description of the "woman's clothes" that Friar Tuck was abroad.

The ancient cemetery at Playbo, a short distance from this town, has recently become a place of great interest to soldiers. A few evenings ago I saw a sergeant of the Second South Carolina volunteers coming into camp with a skull in one hand and a rib bone in another. Orders have now been issued excluding soldiers from the vicinity. As I understand, if the rent for lots in a cemetery is not paid for a certain time, the graves are dug up, the bones being thrown out and scattered around, to make place for new occupants. But they do not wish these bones removed. Under the surface strata of earth there is a solid rock many feet thick, and, as grave-digging is a slow process, they are dug ahead of the demand, or, rather, blasted out, for they are all blasted. They are made in trenches, six or seven feet wide; the coffins, laid side by side, are only lightly covered with earth when first interred. When a trench receives its quota, all the earth is then thrown in and the graves marked.

An instance of the antenatal of Uncle Sam's route agents was shown a day or two ago, when a letter addressed to "So-and-So, Co. D, Habana, Cuba," was delivered to the proper

person in the South Carolina regiment. Being postmarked "Lake City, S. C.," the postal people wisely guessed that it should come to the Carolina regiment.

I send, under another cover, pods of open cotton picked from a bush 13 feet high, growing out of the centre of a cactus hedge in Quemados. I suppose the State's readers know all kinds of flowers are in full bloom here; that corn and tobacco, sweet potatoes, "tanyah's," egg plants, etc., are growing in various stages. We see the vegetables in every stage except the last—on the table.

W. E. G.

Headquarters, Second South Carolina Regiment, Camp Columbia, Habana, Cuba, Jan. 26.—To-day has been the hottest day we have yet had. Heretofore there has been a stiff wind blowing, but to-day has been as sultry as our June days. One hardly thought he would experience such a day in January.

The Ninth Illinois boys are again our neighbors. They have moved just back of us, our guard lines touching. We are glad to have them as our next door neighbors. Over at Savannah they were the ones closest to us, and our relations were of the friendliest nature. They have always shown themselves to be gentlemen, and have always thought a great deal of the boys from the Palmetto State.

There was a Chicago paper brought to camp several days ago by one of our neighbors from the Ninth, stating that on February 15 the Second South Carolina would pass in review in Washington, D. C. So far, Col. Jones knows nothing of this review. He has not yet received any orders to that effect.

Looking over the *Times* of Cuba yesterday we came across the following paragraph:

"A reporter for the *Times* of Cuba visits the camp every day, and muster out is the all-absorbing topic. The men eat with it, sleep with it, and drink with it, out at the cafes. One of their number applied to their Senator from his State last week imploring him to obtain a discharge for the private who had had a plentiful supply of occupation as she is managed in Cuba. The Senator replied that no discharges are being considered on account of the plans now almost completed for sending the volunteer regiments back to a rendezvous for muster out. This glad tidings has caused great jubilation in the regiment, where that happy missive was received, and the men are gathering their machetes and the other Spanish and Cuban relics together for final packing, and have thrown their Spanish grammars and translation books into the cactus fences, and are looking forward to the day when they will again mingle with their friends at home and resume their former avocations."

This is glad news to us all if it is only true. We will all look forward with joy when the transports will begin to arrive in Habana harbor to carry us back to the States. We have seen enough of service of this kind. There is no pleasure in "sunning rocks" and digging sinks under a tropical sun. We have had no trouble from the natives, and are likely to have none. All the military work we have to do is to do provost duty watching United States soldiers. We all feel that we are able to take care of ourselves, but we want a discharge before we begin it. Think of a grown man having to get a pass from division headquarters before he can go into Habana, or a pass from the colonel if he will go accompanied by a commissioned officer. This kind of treatment makes a man a menial, and unfits him for life after the army is disbanded. As I can gather, it is the desire of the great majority of the men to return to a climate where the sun is not so hot. May the day hasten, is our prayer.

There was a slight rain last night, and one of the tents having the guy ropes too tight the pegs were pulled up. The occupants of the tent thought some of the men had been guilty of pulling them up. Some one then accused one of his comrades of doing it. This he denied, and a "serap" almost followed. The men in the company met just after dinner and organized a court and proceeded to try the one accused of pulling the pegs. Each side had its lawyer. The "State's attorney" was a corporal from another company. The jury brought in a verdict of not guilty as to the defendant, but recommended that the prosecutor be tried for attempting to get up a "serap" in the company. The trial comes off to-morrow.

Sergt. McMillan, of Co. M, who has been confined to the hospital for some time with mumps, is with his company again. Co. M has had an addition lately. Trixie, a small Cuban dog, or perro, has come in as a mascot. She has already forgotten that she at one time belonged to a Cuban, for she never misses an opportunity of running after one and trying to take a piece out of his calf.

The men have just undergone another vaccination. It is beginning to

"take" and many are the arms now in a sling. Some of the boys say that they had rather have smallpox than another vaccination.

There are twenty patients from this regiment in the hospital with mumps. Camp Columbia, Habana, Cuba, Jan. 27.—The men of this regiment are circulating another petition asking our representatives in Congress to use their utmost influence to have the regiment mustered out at an early date.

There are several reasons set forth why this should be done. The men are mostly farmers, and would like to get out in time to plant a crop, or they will be left high and dry when they are mustered out. Then, too, there is no chance to save any money, and there are those at home who are dependent upon these men for support.

Again there seems to be nothing here to do but to sun the rocks. There is nothing that can be done. There is provost guards at every crook in the road, and consequently nothing can be learned of the people or of the country except in a very small area. The men are not allowed to visit the city at all.

Another is that most of the men have got enough of army life. They are realizing that it is most demoralizing to them and they wish to quit. Then, too, this climate is not healthy, and they do not care to expose themselves to needless danger, when there is absolutely nothing at stake.

I would have given the text of the petition, but I could not secure it. These reasons were gathered from reading it. They are all reasons that have the ring of truth in them, and should be considered. If the men were allowed to go around and see something of the country and thereby learn something they would not mind staying here for sixty or ninety days, but as it is, they want to go home.

The petition is being largely signed. In some companies very nearly every man in them have put their autograph. Fully two-thirds of the names in the regiment will be on it when it is sent to Washington.

This afternoon the writer had an opportunity of seeing a native funeral, or rather seven of them. He got a chance to join a detail to go to the city after supplies. He took off his non-commissioned officers' stripes and joined the detail as a private. That was the only way he could get off. While in the city seven different processions passed him. In all of them he saw no women, the processions being made up of men and boys. All of these were of the poorer class. One would be surprised to see a funeral procession go by. The coffin is carried upon the shoulders of four men, with a squad of about two dozen men and boys accompanying the remains. These are laughing and talking and sometimes drinking and smoking. On none of those this afternoon did there appear to be any sorrow. These bodies are laid to rest in the cemetery where their habitation is rented. When the rent runs out, if it is not promptly paid, the bones are broken up and thrown in a pile in one corner of the place. The rent must be paid or the bones will not be allowed to rest.

S. FRANK PARROTT.

—It is truly wonderful that London's vast population of 6,291,067, located on only 693 square miles, should have in 1897 so slow a death rate as 17.7 per one thousand. This rate is not greater than that of a fairly healthy rural district. England well deserves the name she has received as the birthplace and home of sanitary science and practice, thinks the *London Lancet*.



When Baby's ill.

When the little loved one is sick, when his brow is fevered, his pulse rapid, its features pinched with pain and there are great blue circles under his eyes, the mother hovers about the bedside, and with anxious eyes tries to read the meaning of every expression upon the physician's face.

A woman may save herself almost all of the worry about her children if she will but take proper care of her womanly health during the period of gestation. A child born of a mother who is thoroughly healthy in a womanly way will almost unfailingly be healthy and robust. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription acts directly on the delicate and important organs that bear the burdens of maternity. It makes them well, strong and vigorous. It heals all internal ulceration and inflammation. It stops debilitating drains. It fits for motherhood and insures a healthy child. Thousands of happy mothers have testified to its merits. No honest dealer will urge you to take an inferior substitute for the little added profit it may afford him.

"A lady told me that Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription was good to take when with child," writes Mrs. Anne Sampson, of No. 13, Chestnut Street, Lawrence, Mass. "I was suffering terrible pains, and was unable to get about the house without being in misery. I took three bottles of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and the first bottle greatly relieved me. I took three bottles thereafter, and from that time I was able to do my usual work. The baby has been healthy since birth, and is now three months old and weighs fifteen pounds. What a miracle! I had been told that it was a bad thing to take anything but Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription."

They don't simply cure temporary relief, but are a permanent cure. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a gentle, healthy and a mild cathartic.

Cotton Plant Products.

Less than 20 years ago the seed of the cotton plant were considered as practically worthless.

To-day the seed are used in manufacturing several different varieties of food products, the production of these articles is one of the South's greatest industries.

Now it is announced that other by-products of this plant besides cotton seed oil, oil cake and meal for feed, and hulls for fertilizer are being developed. One of these is the use of the fiber of the stalk for the manufacture of bagging.

According to the Scientific American, a machine has actually been perfected for working the stalks into bagging. Some of this cotton stalk bagging has been tested and pronounced excellent for the purpose.

"It is strong and clean and does not readily ignite. Five tons of good stalks will yield about 1,500 pounds of first-class fiber. At this rate the annual crop will produce all of the bagging needed to wrap the lint and leave a surplus to be devoted to other purposes. It is predicted that machinery for making coarse matting from the fiber will be produced shortly. The Scientific American expressed the opinion that if the experiments, which are now being made with the fiber are successful it will not be many years before the industry will assume gigantic proportions."

The Chattanooga Tradesman in commenting upon this also mentions that "the root of the cotton plant is being experimented with for its chemical properties. The root of the Egyptian cotton plant yields a drug that has the properties of ergot, and the root of the American plant, under chemical manipulation, has yielded a similar product. This has not yet been fully developed. A difference has been detected in the properties of the roots of different kinds of cotton, long staple and short staple, hence it is probable that several drugs may be extracted from the different varieties of roots."

With cotton stalk bagging and cotton root drugs among the possibilities of the future, it would seem that every portion of this great Southern plant is of value. If the staple itself only brought about two cents more per pound the Southern farmer would indeed be blessed.—*Houston Post*.

The Terrors of a Real Blizzard.

A great deal has been said and written about those blinding storms that sometimes sweep with resistless fury the western prairies, but without the experience no one, however vivid his imagination, can fully picture to himself such a storm, much less realize all that a blizzard means.

The penetrating wind, roaring and howling, shifting quickly from one point to another, whirls the sharp particles of snow into the traveler's eyes and nostrils, blinding and smothering. It often obscures in a few moments every vestige of tract, rendering travel difficult and dangerous.

The wolves and foxes that roam the prairies, if far away from scrub or timber when a blizzard bursts upon them, burrow at once into the drifts and there abide till the storm is over.

The grouse, or prairie chicken, flying swiftly, presses its wings to its sides and plunges head first into the snow and there is perfectly safe.

The Indian of the plains if caught away from his tepee (tent) scrapes away the snow with his foot and wraps his blanket closely about him, creeps into the hole he has made and is quickly drifted over.

But the white man caught out on the prairie often becomes utterly bewildered, wanders around until completely exhausted, sinks down and perishes with the cold.

No Time to Fool Away.

The world will be glad of the assurance that there are some men in the humblest walks of life who can't be bought with the clink of gold. A Hoosier who lost his wife a few weeks ago was waited upon a few days after the funeral by a man who introduced himself as the agent of a Cincinnati medical college, and he went right to business by remarking:

"Mr. Blank, neither of us has any time to fool away. Your wife is dead and buried. I want her body for the college. I could snatch it any dark night, but that's not my way. How much cash will buy the body?"

"Dig'er up at your own expense?"

"Yes."

"How much'll you give?"

"Fifteen dollars."

"And the coffin?"

"Oh, that's no use to me."

"Stranger," said the widower, "you skip or I'll shoot. If you think I'm fool enough to throw a \$10 coffin in these hard times you haven't sized me up yet. Let the old woman stay for board and lodgings, and there ain't a penny out for repairs."—*New York Sun*.

"I am losing flesh," said the butcher as the dog stole a sizzling steak.

EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of

The Kind You Have Always Bought.

CASTORIA

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

OSBORNE & CLINKSCALES

Are Sole Agents at Anderson, S. C., for

Iron King and Elmo Stoves,

Garland Stoves and Ranges, AND THE Times Line of Cook Stoves.

The above Stoves are bought in Car Lots direct from the manufacturers. Thus we save "middle man's" profit, and also get cheaper freight rates. Customers who buy Stoves from us get the advantage of this.

We carry a well-selected stock of FANCY CHINA, PORCELAIN GOODS, CHINA DINNER SETS and TEA SETS. Just the thing for Christmas Presents. Call on us.

OSBORNE & CLINKSCALES,
The Sole Agents for Iron King Stoves.

Grier's Almanac!

CALL AND GET ONE.

EVANS PHARMACY.

O. D. ANDERSON & BRO.

Strictly in it at Lowest Possible Prices.

Two Cars Texas Red Rust Proof Oats, And all the country raised Oats you want. These have go, no matter what Cotton sells at.

Pure Wheat Flour Rock Bottom Prices.

We can give Country Merchants close figures on—CHEESE, OYSTERS, TOMATOES, SALMON, SARDINES and TOBACCO.

Everybody knows we beat the Town on SHOES, and we propose to keep up our reputation.

BAGGING and TIES guaranteed prices.

Send us your orders Yours for Business,
O. D. ANDERSON & BRO.

THE OLD, RELIABLE Furniture Store!

— OF —

G. F. TOLLY & SON

Still in the Lead!

They have the Largest Stock, Best Quality, and Certainly the Lowest Prices!

OTHERS try to get there, but they miss it every time. New, beautiful and select Stock of Furniture, &c., arriving every day, and at PRICES NEVER HEARD OF BEFORE.

Here you have the Largest Stock; therefore, you can get just what you want.

Here you have the Best Grade of Furniture; therefore, you can get Goods that will last.

Here you have the very LOWEST PRICES; therefore, you save good money.

Come along, and we will do you as we have been doing for the last forty years—sell you the very best Furniture for the very lowest prices.

The Largest Stock in South Carolina and the Lowest Price in the Southern States.

New Lot Baby Carriages Just Received.

G. F. TOLLY & SON,

Depot Street, Anderson, S. C.